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THE HAUNTED AUTO.

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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## Cartoons and Comments

### DON'T THROW THAT STONE.

TO CHANGE the wording of a faithful old maxim, he should not throw stones who dwells in a glass house. Before making uncomplimentary reference to Pittsburgh's municipal status, let each of us reflect for a moment upon the state of affairs in his own city. The mainspring of Pittsburgh graft as thus far disclosed was the desire of private individuals and private corporations to make money at the public expense and contrary to the public good. In general terms, corrupting private citizens and corruptible public officials formed a partnership to line their pockets, directly or indirectly, with the public funds. The practice is as bad in Pittsburgh as it would be in any other city, but despite the tone of many "holier-than-thou" editorials and interviews since the graft disclosures began, it is not by any means a practice confined to Pittsburgh. The lust for private privilege at the public cost is the root of graft and demoralizing corruption in every city in the United States. In Pittsburgh the stakes in the present game happened to be bank deposits. In other cities they are street-railway franchises, water rights, park sites, reduced or rebated taxes mounting into millions, gas monopolies — all kinds of privileges by which, through corruption in office and in political organizations, public money is put into private coffers. In some cases the process is so neatly sugar-coated as to be known by the name of "honest graft." In others it is made legal, as in the case of the monopoly-breeding Tariff, and campaign orators speak of it proudly and couple it with references to Freedom and to the Flag. Don't shake your heads and look reprovingly at Pittsburgh. See what you can see around your own town hall.

CARNEGIE says that CANNON "looks more like LINCOLN than any man he ever knew." What must his other Republican acquaintances have looked like?

### THE RESIGNED STAND-PATRIOTS.

"WE CARE not for comets, by night or by day,—  
From fear of next month we're immune;  
Why worry lest Halley lambaste us 'in May  
When Teddy will jolt us in June?"

INSTEAD of one divided political party, we now realize that there are two in this country. Democrats, who since 1896 have listened without effective come-back to the taunts of Republicans, may now sit back and watch the Republican split with delight of the fiendish variety. It was long coming, but it came. It still requires effort to comprehend that President TAFT's hottest shot is not directed at the Democrats, but at members of his own party; but gradually one gets accustomed to novelty, and then it is easy and pleasant to note what a change is taking place. Without any steering or jockey-

ing, a new party is forming itself as surely as water seeks a level. It won't hold national conventions for some years yet, but it will make history when it does hold them. We won't go into details as to the new party's make-up, but when the sheep are separated finally from the goats, Democrats of the TOM RYAN-AUGUST BELMONT type and Republicans of the ALDRICH-CANNON-BALLINGER school will vote the same ticket. They will form the Opposition.

TAFT has turned upon his adversaries; for the complaisant the combative has been exchanged. — *Contemporary's Comment.*

Too bad the exchange could not have been effected last Summer. Less complacency and a lot more combativeness upon the President's part then might have saved him a lot of his present trouble. We listened all Summer for the sound of a fist or a foot coming down hard for something.



OF THE TARIFF.



<i>What the Program said her Name was:</i>	<i>What the Baptismal Records showed:</i>
AMARYLLIS DU FRENE . . . . .	MARY SNODGRASS.
SYBILINE FORTESQUE . . . . .	JANE PERKINS.
EURYDICE MONTELEMBERT . . .	SARAH STEINBERG.
MYRTLE CASTELBARS . . . . .	DELIA MURPHY.
CONSTANCE DE BEAUPRE . . . .	ELIZA PETTIJOHN.
DELPHINE LE CLAIR . . . . .	MAGGIE SNIGGSBY.
ESTRELITA CARONDELET . . . .	ELLEN FOLEY.
CLAUDIA MALTRAVERS . . . . .	BRULAH QUIGG.
LUCILLE MARIGOLD . . . . .	HANNAH MCCLUSKEY.
IVY TREMAINE . . . . .	RACHEL STRAUBMEYER.
CLEMENTINE LE FEVRE . . . . .	NORA MCGILLICUDDY.
NARCISSUS CARTELOISE . . . . .	LENA SCHMID.

ANNUAL CROP REPORT.

**T**HE Fool Crop promises fair this season, being favored by high-schools and colleges. April fools were up to the usual standard. Ordinary fools have suffered much by late showers of experience. Plain damfools show an enormous increase despite efforts to corner the crop for the European title markets. Old fools are aging well.



TO CHOIRMASTERS:

Let the volunteer soprano make the motions, while a grand-opera record does the singing.

bug is playing havoc with the short-story writers in Indiana, and the green novelists are suffering somewhat from blight in central New York.

Easy Marks promise well for the year, although they have been damaged somewhat in the East from western wind-storms. The an-

Never before has there been such a crop of professional men. Conditions have been most favorable to the crop of dentists, being far in excess of the market. The crop of M. Ds. shows a loss of several per cent. owing to favorable weather and newsanitary arrangements. Lawyers are active and command a fair price, slightly in excess of last year.

The hobo crop is slightly better than last year, notwithstanding better times and no demand.

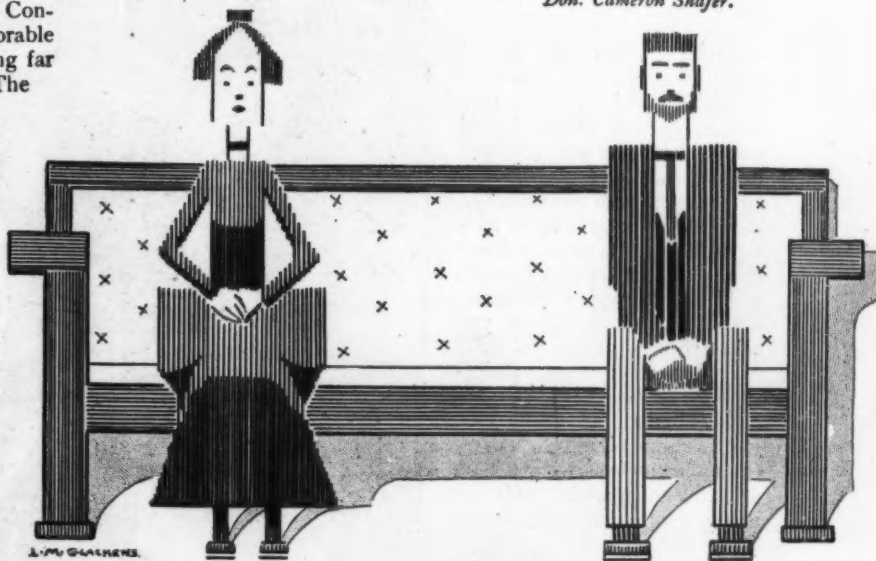
The outlook is bright for an extremely heavy crop of literary men, especially in the Middle West, where the season has been ideal for their development.

nual crop of grafters has been about ruined in Albany and Pittsburgh from severe exposure to the weather and other destructive elements.

Early inspections evidence a promising outlook for fall politicians. The crop, from present indications, will be unusually heavy, probably far in excess of the demand. Unless heavy floods of warrants and indictments destroy the growing salaries there is no reason to expect a shortage in this crop.

Dead beats are slow in coming around, but show a slight increase with better times and easier money.

*Don. Cameron Shafer.*



PARLOR AXIOM:

PARALLEL LINES NEVER MEET.

**T**he notion that the world is growing worse largely results from some new sociologist every now and then discovering how bad it is.

PUCK

A SOLICITOUS PARTNER.

**Y**OUR cheery comrade and comforter, "little beam of sunshine," meaning muh, is expecting to fall for the "meet-me-at-the-dance" thing again at the end of exactly four million years. And then he'll be dragged in by the national guard with the fire department and the navy bringing up the rear.

I'm the near-star boarder at a hashery where a nifty blond shatters the hearts of the easy marks who tumble regularly to a pair of nice baby-blue lamps and a childlike gurgle—gets 'em just as sure as the stickum paper grabs the busy little fly. Now, I'm just a little hep to the girl proposition, and don't tag Blondy around the way those others do. Consequent—Blondy tags me.

Here's where the plot begins to get all twistified:

"Cousin," she suggested yesterday, "are you there on the light fantastic?"

"On the level, Blue Eyes," was my quick response, "I'm the original dancierino. They named Terpsichory after me. When it comes to the rollicking two-step or the dreamy measures of the mazy waltz, I'm the primordial rollick and the primeval maze. Give me the right fairy in my encircling arms, and the orchestra has to turn its back. If it watches me it forgets to play."

"Seems to be all new stuff, too," Blondy mused, "but I have n't been to ALL the vodyville shows. Howevah, what I started out to ask is if you'll be at Kelly's dance hall on Fifty-first Street Wednesday night?"

I'll stake you to a dance or so, and as for others—say, I've got the finest line of flossy friends you could land among in eighteen years' search of the beauty shows."

Now that listens fair enough, does n't it? So when the fatal hour is arriven—arroven—well, when it came, you may imagine me standing in the doorway of a dance-hall, breasting the stream, as it were, of oncoming guests, and with the look in my childlike eyes of a bewildered deacon who'd mistook a French students' ball for a prayer-meeting.

First on one foot and then on the other, when there was n't two or three other people on one foot or the other; jostled by pretty girls, bumped by prettier girls, jammed by seventeen different kinds of flat-footed pachyderms who were attached to the girls, I was just about to be reconciled to the failure of the blonde to appear by the gentle little smile thrown my direction by a pippin in yellow scenery, when somebody near me yanks my arm off, and "Here you are!" shrieks the blonde.

"That's all right, Guinevere," I soothed her. "I'll admit I'm here. I'm not trying to prove an alibi. But you don't need to tell 'em all that I've arrived; they might mob me trying to get souvenirs, and I do so hate publicity."

Blondy is present on the pulchritude proposition, yes indeed, but as a dancer she can't qualify for the amateur handicap. Honest, she does n't know the difference between a waltz and a two-step, except that she always waltzes to a two-step.

Maybe Blondy was light on her feet, but she was n't light on mine. Not with me. She can't lead, won't follow, is out of time, out of tune, out of breath, and in the way. Ah me! alas! eheu! heigho!

When my hair had turned white and one of my feet was in the grave, the music stopped. Here comes more poignant tragedy. Millions and millions of peaches there, and the girl knew them all—but nothing doing for muh!

"How about the dainty little filly over there in pink?" I said. "Know her? Yes? Lead me to her, what?"

Did she? She did not. No. She felt that I should n't know this girl, or that one, or the other, or those, because *this* was engaged, and *that* divorced, and the *other* very fast—smokes cigarettes, it was rumored—and *those* were all either too swift or too slow or too good or too bad for me to accept as acquaintances. But to make up for that, she did parade me up to one seven-foot-six arrangement, and also to a sweet and motherly little lady five feet high and five feet around and who whirled exactly twice to the minute as she danced. I know, because I timed her.

I took a whirl with the seven-footer and a turn or two or three

(ten, to be exact) with the fat one, and then I returned pleadingly to Blondy and begged that she would hand me just one teenty-weenty little girl who *could* dance. But she felt sure I did n't want to meet the ravishing beauty in blue because she once tickled the ivories in a moving-picture show, and as for the stunner in mauve—

"Bright Eyes," I broke in, "I am free to confess that I did not know I was coming to a class for the uplifting of the social ideals of young men. I supposed I was coming to a *dance*. Don't think me ungrateful, for I honor and cherish your kind heart and maternal interest in me; but while it may make a hit with the mission children you instruct on Sundays, *me* I find it too high above.

"You are engaged in a great work in protecting the young men of the city against its dangers, but count me out of that bunch. If the pretty dames are improper—well, I'm for impropriety. Let the sirens sirenize. I'm agreeable; and if they want to lure, I'm ready to be lured, because when virtue is clad in misfit dresses and heavy shoes that tread on my toes I'm for light-headed, light-hearted, light-footed vice, dainty, delightful, delicious, with a smile and a twinkle of eyes and a curl of kissable lips." Then I copped out a neat little maid in red who danced like a bit of milkweed fluff in a summer zephyr, and Blondy saw us making love in a corner later, and— Well, I never did like that boarding-house, anyhow.

Berton Braley.



NOT WORTH A DARN.



CHANTECLER REVERSED.

PRODUCTION OF ROOSTAND'S NEW PLAY "HUMAN BEINGS" AT THE CHIC THEATER.



MISDEAL.

"OH, FOR A TOUCH OF THE VANISHED HAND!"

THE RICH MAN'S DREAM.



I HAVE crushed my competitors out,  
I have won in the glorious game;  
By guards I am hedged all about,  
I have wealth and position and fame.

On the labors of others I thrive,  
I bend mighty men to my will;  
I live on the Riverside Drive,  
Stocks tumble whenever I'm ill.

Now I shall be free from regrets,  
And nothing may temper my joy,  
If my daughter but shuns cigarettes,  
And no chorus-girl marries my boy!

S. E. Kiser.

AN ELEMENTAL HINT.

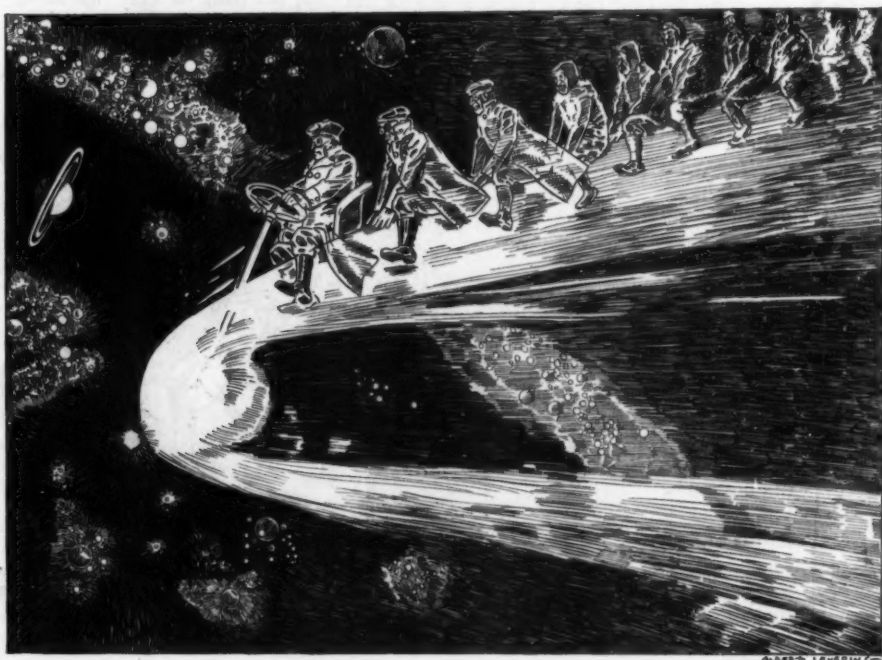
IF some beneficent, heedless, rake-helly, irresponsible, light-hearted cyclone, earthquake, avalanche, conflagration, tidal wave, comet, pestilence, or plague would arise and smite, overwhelm, wipe out, submerge, consume, chew-up-and-spit-out, devour, emasculate, or destroy:

Caracas, Bluefields, Greytown, Salonica, Constantinople, Etah, Indian Harbor, North Pole, Teheran, the Balkans, and Fez,

To say nothing of East Aurora, Breathitt County, Reno, Sioux Falls, Port Townsend, Hetch Hetchy, and all the towns that have offered fifty thousand dollars for the Jeffries-Johnson fight,

What a quiet, peaceful, lovely, blissful Arcady this old globe would be!

NATURE abhors a vacuum. Some vacuums profess to love Nature, when it happens to be the style; but Nature is consistent and abhors a vacuum first, last, and all the time.



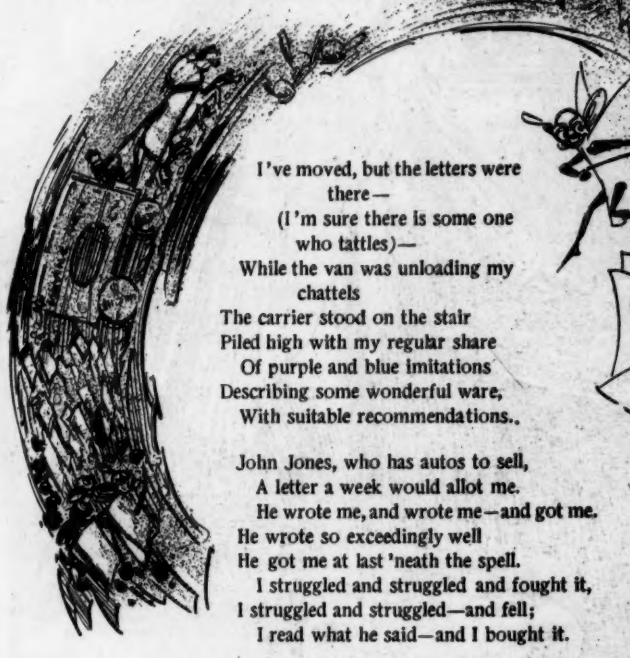
"FASTER! FASTER!! FASTER!!!"

NEAR VIEW OF HALLEY'S COMET, SHOWING THE SOULS OF LOST MOTORISTS.



H, I am the Follow-up-ee—  
The fellow who gets ev'ry letter  
From folks who have something  
that's better  
They're anxious to sell unto *me*.  
'T were useless to fly or to flee—  
I know that the letters would find me;  
Wherever I-journey I see  
Processions of letters behind me.

# The Follow-up-ee



I've moved, but the letters were  
there—  
(I'm sure there is some one  
who tattles)—  
While the van was unloading my  
chattels  
The carrier stood on the stair  
Piled high with my regular share  
Of purple and blue imitations  
Describing some wonderful ware,  
With suitable recommendations.

John Jones, who has autos to sell,  
A letter a week would allot me.  
He wrote me, and wrote me—and got me.  
He wrote so exceedingly well  
He got me at last 'neath the spell.  
I struggled and struggled and fought it,  
I struggled and struggled—and fell;  
I read what he said—and I bought it.

But the sure-enough "follow-up" man  
Who's labored the hardest to reach  
me  
Is the one who is willing to teach me  
To master a "follow-up" plan.  
He tells me just how he began,  
And says, if I only will try it,  
He'll prove how an article can  
Be boosted so millions will buy it.

Let me say, as a Follow-up-ee,  
The tip that I really am  
needing  
Is not any scheme for succeeding  
With form letters 1, 2, and 3.  
The thing that's attractive to me  
Is not any "follow-up" system;  
The plan that I'm seeking, you see,  
Is some kind of way to resist 'em!  
*Douglas Malloch.*

good, but the square deal of a gene-  
rous heart is a joy beyond all measure.  
Benevolence becometh the just, but the bounty of the  
oppressor is a fitting jest for the laughing hyena.  
Neither golden spade nor silver shovel can bury out of sight  
ill-gotten gains.

Better is a six per cent. dividend on the stock, with the good-  
will of the neighbors, than a watermelon cutting at the expense of  
the poor and the innocent.

In the heaping up of riches there is great satisfaction, but the  
spending thereof is as the care of a pet tiger or a handful of quick-  
silver.

Better a living wage and a decent home for the toiler than a  
long bill for poorhouse and hospital and crowded jail.

When corporations  
acquire souls,  
and employ-  
ers grow wise  
enough to  
know good  
business, the  
labor agitator  
will be out of  
a job.  
*C. I. Junkin.*

PROVERBS FOR CAPITAL.



**S** IN ILL-FED horse and a discouraged man make sorry work for the driver.  
A horse for the cart and steam for the mill, but back of the  
machine is the soul of a man.  
One crieth "The Boss," and another "The Old Man," but  
the tone of the voice maketh known the love or the hatred in the  
heart, and the  
boss is un-  
covered.

A soft hand  
and a fine coat  
are greatly to  
be desired,  
but manhood  
is measured  
by neither the  
one nor the  
other.

He that  
despiseth his  
neighbor at  
the bottom of  
the ladder is  
hardly a forty-  
second-cousin-  
in-twice-re-  
moved of the  
topmost rung  
thereof.

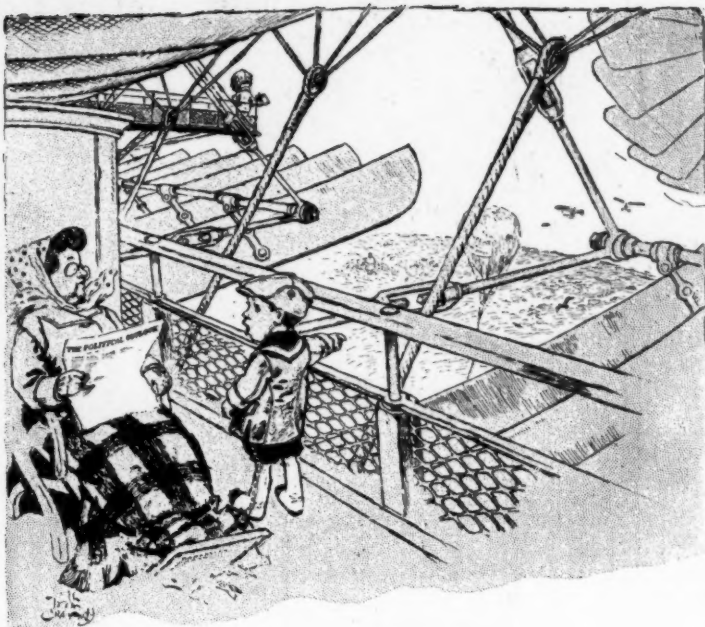
Justice compelled by  
the strong is a measured



ANOTHER SUFFRAGETTE ARGUMENT.  
THE "IF-YOU-DON'T-LET-US-VOTE-WE-WON'T-MARRY-YOU" CLUB.

DEFINED.  
"WHAT IS  
sus-  
pended ani-  
mation?"  
"It's what  
happens at an  
afternoon tea  
when the very  
woman they have  
been talking about  
enters the room."

BOY AND MAN



BORN ON SHIPBOARD

THE BOY (*in 2010*).—What's that balloon doing there, Mamma?  
MOTHER (*reprovingly*).—Why, Orville, don't you know that memorial marks the birthplace of the great twentieth-century poet, Browning Bacon Jones?

VERY little is heard, in these days of high prices, about tables groaning with dainties, the fact being that the table which makes shift to sigh audibly is doing very well.

THE boy paused for a moment at the edge of his neighbor's field. "What's a melon, anyway?" he argued, against the still, small voice of his conscience, and went in and helped himself.

Years passed. The boy became a man and a financier. And when there was public clamor because he and a few associates divided among them some \$20,000,000 accruing from the sale of watered stock, he laughed sardonically to recall his first deflection into devious ways.

"What's a melon, anyway?" he snarled, nor vouchsafed any other answer.

HARDENED.

"DID the St. Regis prices stagger Rustic when he went to New York?"

"No, indeed! You see he once spent three weeks in a sanitarium."

A FORGOTTEN ART

NEW CUSTOMER.—I see you have Van Falutin for a customer. Are you aware that his ancestors came across on the *Mayflower*?

TAILOR.—So? It's too bad he does n't try to emulate their noble deed.

"What do you mean?"

"I made him two suits, and he has n't come across yet."



WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

ANY TOASTMASTER.—It now affords me extreme pleasure to introduce to you —

LOST THEIR CONFIDENCE.

"YOU say she is no longer editor of the *Women's Corner*?"

"No. She wrote so many articles on how to make over last year's hats that her readers began to suspect she was a man."

A GOAL FROM THE FIELD.



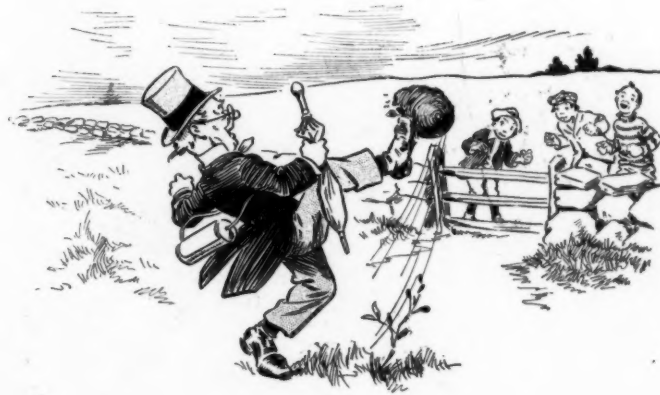
I.

OLD GENT (*deaf and nearsighted*).—Want their football, eh!



II.

"Well, I guess I can still kick a little."



III.

"There she goes —"



IV.

THE BOYS — It ain't *our* fault. We told him it was a wasps' nest.

The culture which knows how to burn money without making too much of a smudge is at all events a very practical culture.



THE PUCK PRESS

"We were Crowded in the Cabin,  
Not a Soul would Dare to Sleep;

It was  
And a





It was Midnight o'er the Waters,  
And a Storm was on the Deep."



[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The last trump having sounded, there is no room inside the gates for three tardy stragglers. St. Peter finally agrees that the soul telling the hardest-luck story may enter.]

CHAPTER III.

*The Deplorable Adventure of Mr. Albert Johnson and the Standard Collection of Hymns of All Nations, Forty-five Volumes Bound in Morocco.*

IT WAS Jasper U. Henderson who first taught me to spell Unlucky with a big L.

He rang my doorbell one beautiful May morning, and before I could land on him he had slipped nimbly inside.

"I have here——," he began.

"I don't want it!"

"——the Hymns of all Nations. Standard Collection——"

"I don't want it!"

"——forty-five volumes——"

"I've told you twice that I——"

"——bound in morocco—a thing no man can afford to be without whether he be——"

"Mr. Book-agent, I don't care what——"

"——and only ten dollars down, and——"

There was no use trying to stop him, and he finished exactly eighteen minutes after he started.

"It's no use," I told him. "Those books cost two hundred dollars. Somebody has told you that I am an easy mark for book-agents, and I have been, but never again. My brother-in-law is coming to town Friday, and he knows just where I can put the two hundred dollars I have to the best advantage, and let me tell you he won't advise hymn-books."

"I have here——" he began.

"He might if he had ever read this one on page 472, volume six, called 'Treasures in Heaven.' I've got it here in the prospectus." And he read it to me.

Thus my acquaintance with Jasper U. Henderson began. Would that it had ended that same May morning.

But it did n't.

He called on Sunday, and on the pretext of being a stranger in town accompanied me to church. He made good use of his time. As the Reverend Watkins announced each hymn Henderson would turn to me and murmur: "You should see how this is gotten up on page 84, volume 12, of our edition. It's a variant of an old Dutch hymn. You'll find all the Dutch hymns together in volume 24."

On Monday he called at my office and stayed all day whistling selected hymns and pounding appropriate accompaniments to the Chinese hymns in volume 39.

"But I detest hymns," I told him at three in the afternoon.

"You would n't if you once read the essay on 'Hymns and Hymnology' by the Reverend Percy Popple in volume 45."

"I'm not religious."

"No man, my dear Mr. Johnson, can say that till he has listened to that old Scandinavian hymn, volume 43, page 208."

"I'm a sun-worshiper."

"In our Oriental section you will find the most complete collection of hymns to the Sun ever published in the English language."



"I have here——" he began.

I was nervous and exhausted. "Get out of the office," I said. "I don't want your hymns. Get out!"

He left, sadly whistling the melody of "Old Hundred."

That night I had a telephone call. A man at the Palace Hotel was dangerously ill and wanted to see me. I hurried to the Palace and found Mr. Henderson peeping wanly from the sheets—his once buoyant voice a whisper.

"It's an old trouble. I'm a goner sure, but I thought I'd die happier if there was someone here that I knew—some friend. For you're the only friend I've got in these parts, even if you did turn me out of your office."

"What can I do for you?" I urged, stricken with remorse.

"After I die——"

"Don't talk about dying yet."

He shook his head feebly.

"We can't get away from

facts. It's kind of you to try to cheer me up, but I know I am called. I know only too well, and I have a dying request to make."

"If there's anything I can do——"

"Yes, you can do it.

It's a simple thing. There's an old hymn that I've always admired, and I want it sung over my grave. Promise me you'll sing it." I promised. "You'll find it," he said, "page 489, volume 27."

"But where can I get volume 27?" With astonishing strength he sat up.

"You can have volume 27 and the forty-four other volumes delivered at your home in two days. Bound in morocco with index. C. O. D. Sign here." Before I realized it I signed the contract which he pulled from under his pillow. Two days later the hymns came—collect. Three days later Henderson recovered. The invention in which my brother-in-law wished me to invest revolutionized the street-car industry. And my wife found out all about it!

"Your story pains me," observed the good Saint, shaking his head from side to side. "It almost moves me to tears."

"Well, mine will move you to tears," triumphantly announced the Spirit with the bottle, and coughing twice in a supercilious manner he began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Horatio Winslow.



With astonishing strength he sat up.




THERE'S A REASON.

MR. PETITE.—So Willie must have some new clothes, must he? Well, what I don't understand is why you can't cut my old duds down to fit him—the way my father's were cut down to fit me!

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



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The inside structure of a Rubberset brush is a patented, inimitable process of holding bristles solidly and everlastingly in a bed of hard, vulcanized rubber. The Rubberset way cannot be duplicated—it's patented.  
Price 25c upward to \$6.00.  
At dealers everywhere, or your barber.  
Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J.

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"Translations absolutely faithful to the spirit and text of Balzac."—*The Mail and Express, New York*.

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"La Maison Barrie et fils a pense qu'il convenait, au seuil du XX<sup>e</sup> siecle, d'elever un monument durable au grand romancier du XIX<sup>e</sup>. Elle lance aujourd'hui cette grande, veritable edition de luxe, illustree avec amour par les meilleurs artistes. . . . Seuls, les Americains avaient ose depenser des centaines de mille francs pour editer superbelement Balzac."—*L'Illustration, Paris*.

# "The Gigantesque"

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS



IT WAS the morning of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and two New Haven collegians were wandering through the Harvard yard, looking at the university buildings. Down a walk toward them came a youth of serious aspect, but palpably an undergraduate.

"I beg your pardon," said the Yale man, who is a bit of a wag, to the stranger, "can you tell me where I can find the Harvard University?"

"I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."—*Newark Call.*

"THE first time I ever met my wife," said the large man, "was over the telephone, and from her voice I knew we were affinities."

"The first time I ever met mine," said the little man, "was over the kitchen stove, and from her griddle-cakes I knew we were soulmates."—*St. Louis Star.*

"I BELIEVE I'll open a dramatic school," said the seedy-looking man. "Why? You never have been on the stage, have you?" asked the preacher.

"No."  
"Then how do you expect to be able to teach people to act?"

"It's simple enough. You're teaching people how to be angels, aren't you? Have you ever been in heaven?"

—*Record-Herald.*

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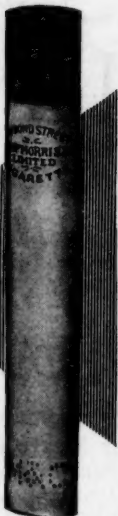
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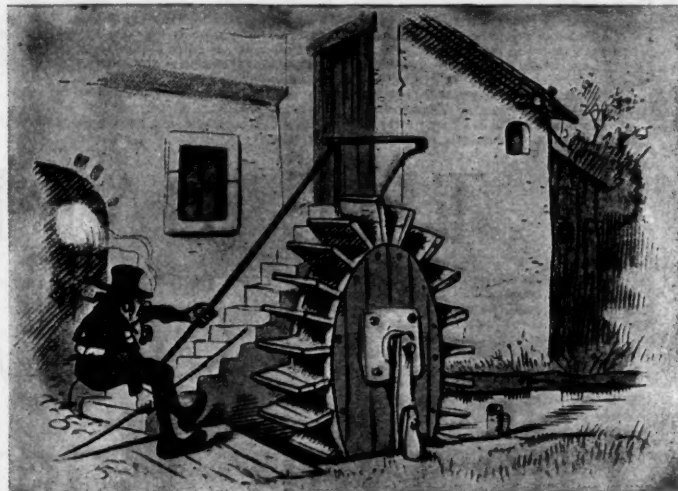


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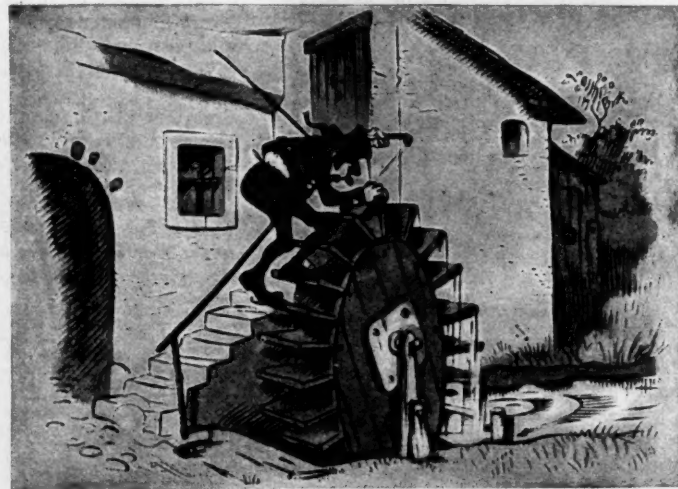
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IRISH vs. ITALIAN METHOD.

A street-car incident concerns a conductor, an Irishman, and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change. "I wanta da nick," whined the Neapolitan. "You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform. The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway. "Gimme me five cints change," said he to the conductor. "You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort. "See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand-organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme five cints!" And he got it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

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THE RUBAIYAT UP TO DATE.

A can of succotash beneath a bough,  
Some turnips, beans, and peas for me and  
thou!  
The while the Meat Trust howls in futile  
woe  
We're learning to eat vegetables now.  
—*Boston Traveler.*

NATURALLY Speaker Cannon is making a great effort to save his face. He has constant use for it as a place to carry his cigar.—*Indianapolis News.*



III.—HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!—*Lustige Woche.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Spring, Neuenahr, Germany,  
and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

"I REGRET very much that we cannot use your story," said the magazine editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's astonishing how much really good literature we are compelled to decline."

"It's more astonishing, though," said the disgruntled author of the story, "that you never let any of it get into your magazine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE younger lady said spitefully, as she sat beside the other during a waltz—they were both wallflowers: "I wonder, dear, if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to be your age?"

"You'll be lucky if you do!" snapped the older lady.—*Argonaut.*



SUBSCRIBE FOR PUCK

IF you are tired of slapstick humor; if you are weary of the dull, pointless opposite, commonly known as the "He and She" sort; if you look for something more than horseplay in humor, and like occasionally a grain of truth with your fun, we say again to you:

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PUCK was first in the field 34 years ago, and it stays first to-day. It is not a weekly revival of worn-out jokes, spineless cartoons, and commonplace pictures. PUCK is different.

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PUCK does n't revive old jokes, because it draws most of its fun from timely things. It does n't print spineless cartoons, because it does n't have to, being independent of political rings and "immune lists." It does n't use pictures that are commonplace, because every picture, even the smallest, in PUCK must help to express a definite idea and one worth expressing.

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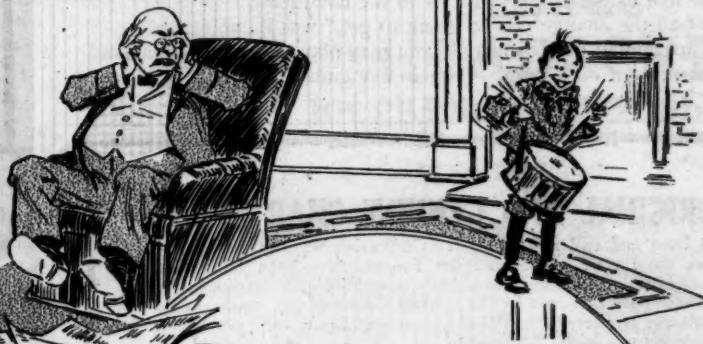
City and State .....

PUCK



I.  
WILLIE'S FATHER.—Now, Willie, here is a new drum—the third this year—and if you break this one, you won't get another.

II.  
WILLIE'S GRANDPA.—Confound it all! Another dose of nerve-de-roying noise! If Tom was home all day like I am he would n't buy such fiendish toys.



III.  
WILLIE'S GRANDPA.—I'll have to use strategy. Willie, Grandpa's boots hurt him. If you'll put down your nice drum for a minute and pull them off, Grandpa'll give you a penny.



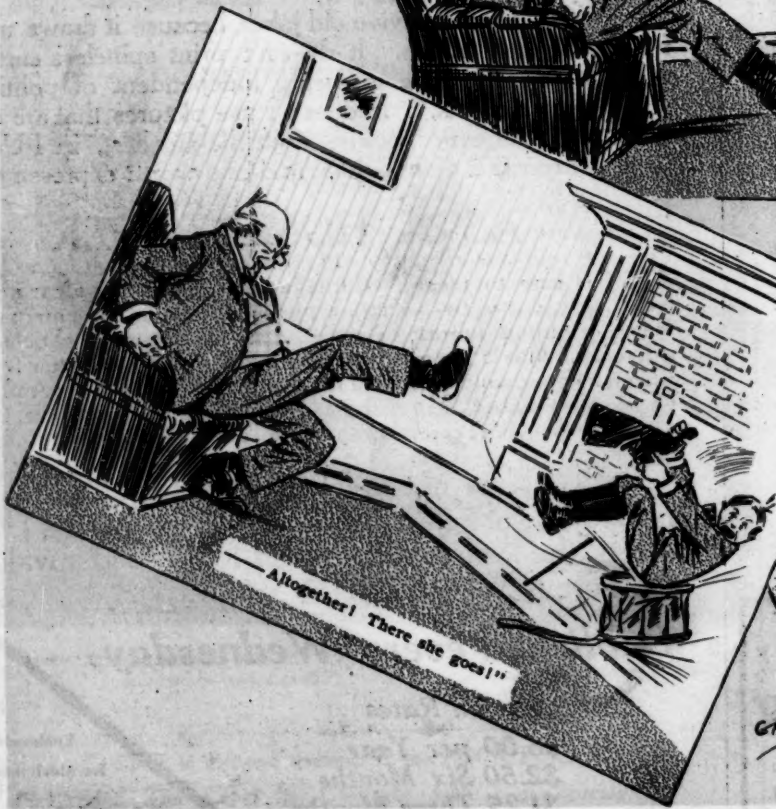
IV.  
"Here is the penny, Willie. Now, when you pull you must pull good and hard!"



V.  
"Now then! A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull—"



WILLIE'S PAPA.—Oh, it's no use blaming it on Grandpop. It's the same old carelessness, and you know what I said—no more drums!  
GRANDPA (aside).—I have n't lost my mind yet.



—Altogether! There she goes!"



GALLAWAY

WILLIE'S LAST DRUM.



Egyptian  
Deities  
"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

We don't count  
the cost when  
we make them.  
You won't when  
you smoke them.  
Cork Tips or Plain



THEY SAY

That a woman's "No" means Yes; that she'd rather shop than eat; that it takes her an eternity to dress; and maybe they're right. But when they say that women are not interested in PUCK they are everlastingly wrong.

Women like PUCK for the very reason that it does n't directly cater to them. PUCK does n't assume, for example, that a line of feeble, washed-out humor alone is suited to women's understanding. PUCK knows that a woman's understanding of humor—clean humor based on live issues or on every-day events in the household—is as clear as any man's. There is n't the slightest reason for assuming otherwise, but there are papers that do so nevertheless, and the result is that listless literary anemic "woman's page humor."

With co-ed colleges everywhere, with women holding high places throughout the business and professional world, with more and more women taking an aggressive interest in governmental doings and social problems, "woman's page humor" is as out-of-date as a hoopskirt. And it is worse off than the hoopskirt, for it has n't much chance of "coming in" again.

What IS "coming in" is plain common sense; the idea that women,

who are interested in timely things, are interested also in THE HUMOR OF TIMELY THINGS. Take for example



THIS COCKY GENTLEMAN.

Excepting the dailies, PUCK is the one paper, as far as we know, which has worked the vein of humor in the Chantecler craze. Others may have, but at this writing the results have n't shown. Recent issues of PUCK—the current issue—all contain bright illustrated reference to this oddest of fads.

Would you like to start in business? We can show you how to start a small manufacturing business in your home with a very small outlay of capital. This is not an agent proposition; you get all the profit; you become the manufacturer yourself; get the manufacturer's and middleman's profits.

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And while picturing phases of Chantecler, the drawings also illustrate the PUCK way of catering to its women readers—catering to them with clean humor, based on live issues; the things that people talk and read about.

Political cartoons, too, appeal to the American woman—the straight-from-the-shoulder PUCK kind—for the theory is dead that "a woman is not interested in politics." Politics and the "high cost of living" she now knows are closely related.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

PUCK  
NEXT WEEK.



THE STOIC.

PROMENADER (who has been robbed of everything but his shirt).—This is a happy opportunity! I'll take a sun bath at once!

—Meggendorfer Blätter.

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the Same  
Good Old

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MILWAUKEE

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